

A few Facts About Fall Clothes--



In announcing the public presentation of our Fall showing of suits and overcoats for men who appreciate and demand the best, we think it advisable to present a few facts for your consideration.

Good clothes are still hard to get and they are still high priced.

They are hard to get because there is still a tremendous shortage of quality fabrics and the production of quality merchandise has not yet reached the normal demand.

They are high priced because there has been no lowering of the wages paid in the clothing industry nor has it been possible to materially reduce wholesale and retail operating costs.

There have been many refinements in designing which show particularly in lapels, pockets, shoulders, sleeves and collars.

Fall styles are interestingly different.

These facts are indisputable.

The double breasted one, two and three button coats for young men are going to be more popular than ever before.

The new sack coats are a trifle longer and not quite as snug fitting as heretofore.

Soft front coats predominate the easy, drapery effects, secured by soft construction, having proved most popular during the past season.

Loose, full-skirted overcoats hold the center of the stage but, of course, we are showing many close-fitting models, particularly in young men's ulsters.



Hirsh-Wickwire Clothes

This season, as heretofore, we are featuring —for the simple reason that every comparative analysis shows them to be the Finest Ready to Wear garments made in America today. We trust you will call and see these clothes this week.

Morris-Ferguson Clothing Co.

South at McDaniel Ave., Springfield, Mo.

The House of Whispers

By William Johnston
Illustrations by Irwin Myers

SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER I.—Circumstances having prevented spending Nelson, clerk, joining the American forces going to France, he is in a despondent mood. When he receives an invitation to dinner from his great-uncle, Rufus Gaston, on his way to the house he meets, under peculiar circumstances, a young girl, apparently in trouble, to whom he has an opportunity to be of slight service. She lives in the same apartment building as Rufus Gaston, and he is acquainted with her. The girl, Gaston and his wife are going to Maine for a trip and will leave Nelson in charge of the apartment. He accepts Gaston and his wife tell their great-uncle of mysterious noises—"whispers"—which they have heard in the house.

CHAPTER II.—On his way to the Gaston apartment next Sunday Nelson again meets his accidental acquaintance of a few days before, Barbara Bradford. She urges him not to allow the fact of their being acquainted to be known. At the apartment Nelson meets the sportswriter, Wick, and instinctively dislikes him. In a wall safe he finds a residence of magnificent pearls, worth a small fortune. Barbara, in the hallway, also passes him without recognition. Dining in a restaurant he is conscious of the unpleasant scrutiny of a stranger, but a man whom he had seen before.

CHAPTER III.—Next day Nelson finds the pearls have disappeared from the wall safe. His first idea of informing the police is not acted upon because of peculiar circumstances. He has been discharged from his position without adequate explanation or reason, and feels quite involved in something of a mystery. He decides to conduct an investigation himself. That night Barbara signals from the window of her apartment, which is opposite his, and they arrange a meeting for next day. In the morning he finds a note in his room, asking him why he had not informed the police of the loss of the jewels.

CHAPTER IV.—Barbara tells Nelson her sister Claire had some years before made a runaway marriage with an adventurer, from whom she was soon parted and the marriage annulled. Claire is engaged to be married and wants from the big of her escape has stolen documents concerning the affair from the Bradford apartment and demands a large sum of money for their return, threatening to forward them to Claire's fiancé if the demands are not met. Neither Barbara nor her sister have the money to satisfy the demands. She tells Nelson she has also heard mysterious sounds in the flat. They agree to meet frequently.

CHAPTER V.—The Gaston landlady, the only person in the apartment besides Nelson, tells him she has heard whispers and footsteps apparently in the wall. He begins to suspect his great-uncle of some knowledge of the affair. Barbara tells him she also has heard the footsteps. In the morning he discovers his pockets have been searched during the night, incontestable evidence of the presence of someone in the apartment during the night.

CHAPTER VI.—Nelson invites Miss Nellie Kelly, telephone operator in the building, to dinner, hoping through her to find out something that will help him. During her temporary absence from the table Nelson is informed by the house detective that she is a known associate of criminals, and the wife of "Lefty Moore."

CHAPTER VII.—Gorman agrees to take the case in a professional capacity. That evening Nelson discovers a concealed passageway in the wall of his apartment. While he is investigating Barbara joins him, making her way across a ledge connecting the two apartments. He shows her the entrance to the passageway, and while they are talking they hear a scream, followed by a shot, from the apartment beneath them. Barbara has been back and Nelson hurries to the scene of the disturbance. He meets Wick at the door of the flat below.

CHAPTER VIII.—Entering, they find the occupant of the apartment, Daisy Lutan, an actress dead. Wick's opposition to calling the police arouses Nelson's suspicions, and he insists on their being informed. Answering the detective's questioning, Wick apparently tries to throw suspicion on Nelson. Returning to his apartment, he sees Claire just leaving. Detectives find a revolver concealed in a bureau drawer in Nelson's room, the weapon with which the crime was committed, and arrest him as the murderer.

CHAPTER IX.—Circumstantial evidence apparently is overwhelming against Nelson, and after a preliminary investigation he is remanded without bail. Claire Bradford makes him a visit.

CHAPTER X.—Nelson and Claire agree that Barbara's connection with the case must be kept secret. In a consultation Gorman expresses his conviction that Wick is a "crook." The detective is of opinion that a band of criminals is operating, and Nelson again becomes suspicious of his great-uncle. Gorman refuses to believe in the existence of the secret passageway.

CHAPTER XI.—A visit from Rufus Gaston convinces Nelson that his great-uncle is not connected with the plotting. Nelson tells him everything, including the discovery of the secret passageway, and the old gentleman agrees to help him all he can.

CHAPTER XII.—Visiting the apartment Gorman and Rufus Gaston find the pearls in the wall safe, and Gorman's faith in Nelson is shaken. Gaston is found murdered in his study, and the police are more than ever convinced that an organized band of criminals, of which Nelson is a member, are operating in the building.

"What made you suspect Nelson? Why did you arrest him?" "My partner and I talked it over, and we both were of the opinion that it was an inside job. A burglar would have no chance to get into a building like the Granddeck and make his getaway. It was between the superintendent of the building, who was a man of responsibility, and this young fellow—who was only a caretaker."

"Had anything in Nelson's actions made you suspicious of him?"

"I noticed that he was greatly excited." "Anything else?" "After Nelson had gone upstairs to his own apartment, I questioned Mr. Wick. He said he had been in the elevator when he heard the shot. He had gotten out at the fifth floor, where it seemed to have come from. At the door of Miss Lutan's apartment he had found the prisoner."

"That's all," said the district attorney triumphantly.

My attorney waived cross-examination. The second detective was put on the stand and corroborated his partner's evidence in every respect. Both of them told of finding blood on my coat. The physician whom Wick had summoned gave a somewhat technical description of the bullet wound, and the prosecution put in evidence the bullet extracted from the body and the revolver the detectives had found pointing out that they were of the same caliber.

"Call Mr. Wick," said the district attorney.

I leaned forward to listen to every word of Wick's testimony. In fact from the moment he was brought in I never took my eyes from him. It



I Leaned Forward to Listen to Every Word of Wick's Testimony.

would be black enough for me if he merely stated the facts as they actually had happened, but I doubted if he would be content with that. If, as I felt certain, Wick was in the employ of the conspirators, it was more than likely that they would seek to clinch the case against me with his testimony.

He gave his name, James Wick, and his occupation as superintendent of the Granddeck.

"How long have you been employed there?" "Ever since the building was opened."

"Where were you employed previously?" Wick hesitated. I wondered if Gorman's surmise that he had been in prison were true, what he would say.

"Before that," he stammered, "I was in the employ of Mr. Kent in the West."

"Who is Mr. Kent?" "He owns the Granddeck. He had known me for years. He brought me on when he built this building."

While his answer seemed to satisfy the district attorney, I was convinced from Wick's nervousness that he was concealing something, that further questioning into his past might lead to unexpected developments.

"Are you acquainted with the defendant?"

"Very slightly."

"How long have you known him?" I was listening intently. Would he admit knowing that I was a relative of old Rufus Gaston?

"I don't really know him," Wick explained. "I've seen him two or three times. Mr. Gaston, one of my tenants, told me that he was going away and that he had given the key of his apartment to a young man named Nelson whom he had employed as caretaker. He said that the caretaker would arrive at ten o'clock on the Sunday morning that the Gastons went away."

"And did the defendant arrive at that time—at the time he was expected?"

"He did not. What first attracted my attention to him was that he sneaked into the building earlier than he was expected."

"You say he sneaked in," the district attorney's voice expressed a proper horror of such conduct. "Please explain to the jury what you mean by that."

"Instead of announcing his arrival, he watched his chance and waited till one of the tenants was coming in. He slipped in beside her and went up in the elevator without being announced. Naturally the elevator man thought he was a friend of the young lady tenant."

"How do you know he was not a friend of the young woman with whom he entered the building?"

"I asked him if he was acquainted with her, and he said he was. Later that same day she passed him in the hall of the building. I noticed that she did not speak to him or recognize him in any way."

The prosecutor waved his hand to the jury as if to say, "You see, gentlemen," and followed on with another question.

"Was the defendant's conduct in the building in any other way such as to arouse your suspicion?"

"He'd hardly got located before he began buzzing the telephone girl, asking her all kinds of questions about the other tenants in the building. He kept trying to get her to go out to dinner with him."

"Did she go?" "Yes, she did. She reported his actions to me, and I suggested that she go with him and try to find out what his name was."

"What else do you know about the defendant?" "That's all—except—"

"Except what?" "What I saw on the night Miss Lutan was murdered."

"Tell the circumstances."

"I was in the elevator coming down from the top floor. I heard the sound of a shot. It seemed to come from the fifth floor. I got off there to investigate. As the door of the Lutan apartment stood Mr. Nelson."

"What was he doing there?"

"Just standing there. It looked to me as if he had just been coming out and that when he saw me he had stopped suddenly."

"What was his manner? Describe the position in which he was standing to the jury." Again there was in the district attorney's voice a triumphant ring.

"He was all excited and tremulously-like." Mr. Wick went on, "and his eyes seemed to be bulging out of his head."

"What did he say?" "I asked him if he had heard a shot and he said that he had. I asked if it had not come from the Lutan apartment and he said that it had seemed so to him. I wanted to keep my eye on him, so I took out my pass-key and suggested that we investigate together. He did not seem at all anxious to go back into the apartment with me, but the elevator man was standing there, so he came along and was with me when I found the body. I kept him there until the police came."

I had expected that my counsel would offer objections to Wick's testimony, especially to his having said that I did not appear anxious to "go back" into the apartment, but McGregor contented himself with two questions.

"Do you not know that Mr. Spalding Nelson is a grand-nephew of Mr. Rufus Gaston? Did not Mr. Gaston tell you of this relationship?"

"He did not," lied Wick calmly.

"How was Mr. Nelson first standing—when you got out of the elevator?"

I recalled my attitude distinctly. I had been standing facing the door, straining my ears to catch any sound in the apartment. When I heard the elevator stopping, I had looked around over my shoulder as Wick emerged.

"He was standing," said Wick, of his own accord, speaking direct to the jurors. "With his back against the door. One hand—his right hand—was behind him. I thought at first he might have a revolver in it and drew one I always carry, but he had not. It looked as if he had just slipped out of the door and was reaching behind him to close it when I discovered him."

"That will be all," said my counsel, to my great disappointment. Throughout the mixed medley of truth and lies that Wick had been telling, there had been manifest to me his deliberate purpose to discredit me and cast suspicion on me. I felt certain that his testimony, but McGregor showed no disposition to take advantage of his opportunity.

Nellie Kelly was called. Briefly she told of her job—switchboard operator at the Granddeck. She corroborated Wick's story of my first arrival at the Granddeck and bore out his statements about my having chatted with her and also told of having gone to dinner with me. When I had begun questioning her about other tenants, she said, she excused herself and went to the telephone and called up the Granddeck for advice as to how she should answer. For some reason, she said, when she returned after phoning, the defendant had not questioned her further but had seemed anxious to get away from the restaurant.

"You say," said McGregor, as he began her cross-examination, "that

eye. "I'm Lefty Moore's wife, and I'm proud that I am—his lawfully wedded wife and I don't care who knows it. I love Lefty Moore."

There was instant consternation in the district attorney's camp. With visions of discredited testimony confronting him, he was on his feet roaring objections. Throughout the whole courtroom there was a sibilant stir, and the judge began rapping for order.

Close behind my counsel my mother had been sitting, accompanied by some woman wearing a heavy veil. I had paid little attention to her hitherto, supposing that it was some hotel maid whom my mother had hired to accompany her to court, for so far as I knew my mother had no women acquaintances in New York. This woman now, to my amazement, reached forward and plucked McGregor by the sleeve. As she pushed back her veil to whisper to him, to my utter surprise and consternation I saw that it was Barbara Bradford.

How had Barbara come to be sitting there in court at my mother's side? Delighted as I was at seeing her, I was puzzled and perplexed. I had sternly forbidden both Gorman and McGregor from making any plans to call her as a witness. I had urged her to keep silent and not become involved in any way in the case. My eyes sought hers for an explanation, but after that one whispered word, that I was unable to hear, she had quickly drawn her veil over her face.

"Your honor," said McGregor, rising, "in view of this unexpected testimony, I should like to request a recess."

"Granted," said the judge. "Adjourned until two o'clock."

CHAPTER XIV.

"Is that Your Real Name?" your name is Nellie Kelly. Is that your real name?"

My counsel's unexpected question came as a thunderbolt to the opposition. The whole courtroom seemed to sense that something crucial was about to be brought out. The jurors to a man leaned forward to listen for her answer. The district attorney, plainly puzzled, half rose in his seat and then subsided. Wick's face went white, and the girl herself started and her eyes turned helplessly to Wick, as if seeking instructions as to how to answer.

"Is that your real name?" McGregor repeated, this time a little more emphatically.

"It is—that is—it was," she stammered.

"It was your name," said McGregor sarcastically, "and what might be your name now?"

"My name," the girl hesitated, as if struggling with herself, and then casting a defiant look in Wick's direction, she answered with pride rather than with boldness, "my name is Mrs. Edward Moore."

"The wife of Lefty Moore, the burglar in Sing Sing, you mean, do you not?" sneered McGregor.

"I am," she replied with a proud lifting of her chin and a flash in her

eye. "I'm Lefty Moore's wife, and I'm proud that I am—his lawfully wedded wife and I don't care who knows it. I love Lefty Moore."

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Impatiently I waited for the recess to be over. I could not understand what was happening. Neither Gorman nor my counsel came near me. Even my mother made no attempt, so far as I could learn, to see me. The one glimpse I had had of Barbara there in the courtroom had fired me again with wild desires to see her. My feelings were equally divided between hoping she would and hoping she would not make any effort to reach me—at least not until my trial was over.

That something was happening to keep them all away—something perhaps vital to my freedom—I was certain. On no other ground could I explain the fact of none of them seeking me for consultation. Yet what it might be I could not possibly conjecture. Eagerly I hurried into the courtroom again as soon as the recess was over, at once turning my eyes to see if the girl I loved was there.

(To Be Continued.)

Manfield Fair, Sept. 29, 30, Oct. 1, 2

J. T. Wooten has retired from the management of the Hotel Jennings at Seymour.

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